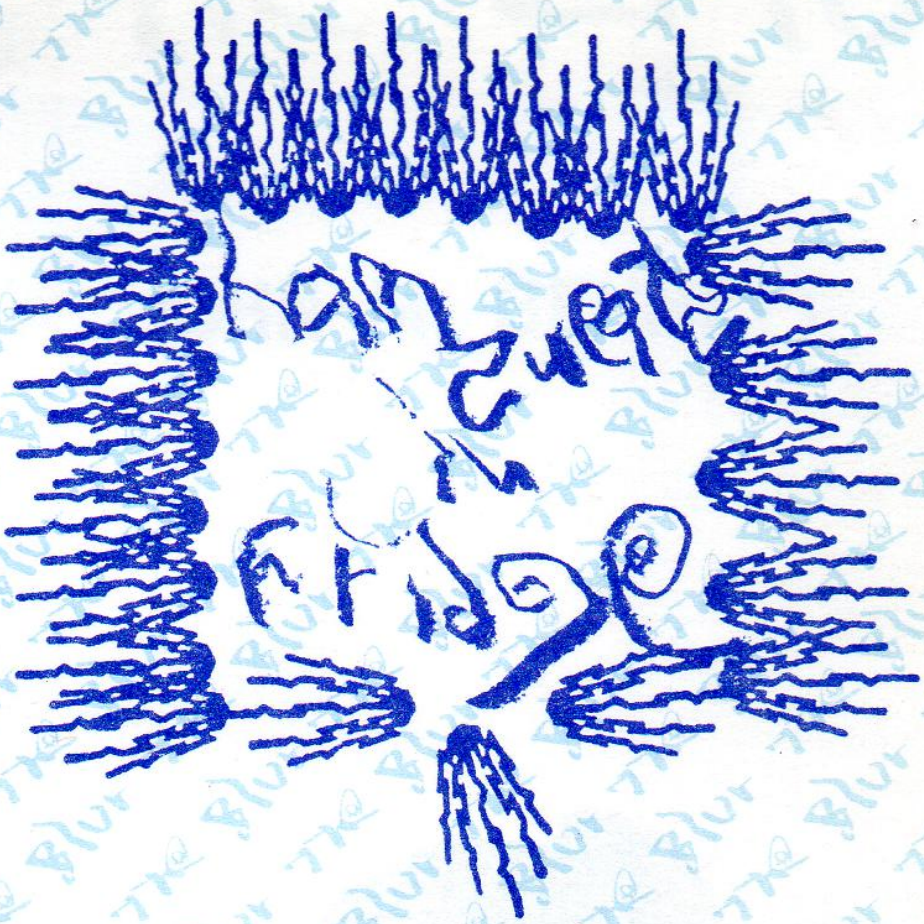
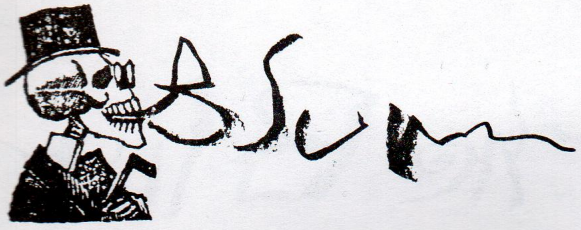
JOHN M. BENNETT



The Blur



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JOHN M. BENNETT



LUNA BISONTE PRODS
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THE BLUR by John M. Bennett

This book accompanies THE BLUR, a cassette tape of readings by John M. Bennett with music created by Byron Smith. Some of the poems have been previously published in the following magazines or in books by John M. Bennett:

Magazines: Atticus Review, Lame Brain, Pig Iron, Rampike, Full Moon, Hot Flashes, World Book Archive, Gypsy, Velocity, Lost and Found Times, Feh!, Pliego de Murmurios, Sub Rosa, Katalyst, Scrap, It Still Doesn't Matter, Brain Cell, 1o Festival Internacional de Poesia Viva, Popular Reality, Sanctuary, The Pup, **Shushmaworld, Level**

Books: NO BOY, Denver: Laughing Bear Press, 1985.
ANTPATH: POEMS, ETC., Toronto: Proper Tales Press, 1984.
BLENDER, E. Lansing: Ghost Dance, 1983.

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INTRODUCTION by Bob Grumman

When I was asked to write something to accompany John M. Bennett's latest taped collection of poetry, THE BLUR, I mistakenly thought a fairly extreme brevity was required. So I struggled to jam some impression of what I thought Bennett was up to into a single paragraph - approximately. The one that follows, in fact:

> As tragedy is to the heart and comedy to the brain, the poetry of John M. Bennett is to the viscera. Full of bloodflow/nervesurge secretion/excretion respiration/sexecration muscleroar/sleepbeat (and alliteration, parallelism and such Serious Fancy Footedness), it alternately fixates into, and dementedly misswitches out of, fridges, cars, shoes, toilet seats, pants, chairs, nails, beds until it explodes into nightmarriages which light up parts of you few other poets are even aware of much less able to deliver poetry to. Bennett's stuff is often funny, too. And he performs it masterfully (sometimes in Spanish) in or between manipulations of sound by Byron D. Smith, assisted by Jack Wright, Bennett, and Son. Smith's work generally matches the warp and pulse of Bennett's poems, but sometimes it is extendingly contrasted to it. At its frequent best, it could stand by itself. In short, both the text and the music of THE BLUR are first-rate.

My paragraph, as you can see, is rather superficial and generalized. It is also hype. It is superior hype, however, because (1) it is sincere, and (2) it can, I believe, be justified. In an attempt to do the latter, I would like to examine a characteristic poem from Bennett's collection; THE EATING, on page 2 of this booklet.

As in most of Bennett's poems, the subject matter of THE EATING is commonplace, but at once, with the declaration of its title, a note of drama is injected: the poem is not to be about mere eating, but about the eating, or a special, perhaps ritualistic act of eating. Another source of drama is the beat of the verse (particularly as chanted by Bennett). Many of the lines start with a strong verb whose first syllable is strongly accented, and anapests abound. Other kinds of "fancy-footedness" which engage the ear and help bind the reader to matter not immediately accessible to the intellect include the near-rhyme of the first line's "Hoping" with the second line's "sleeping," and the full rhyme a little later of "I" with "my" as well as several instances of alliteration, assonance, and consonance.

The poem's narrative line starts a shade oddly: its speaker, who is - it is presumed - addressing his wife or girlfriend, is "hoping for an end to the food." Apparently if something doesn't end it (such as - somehow - his sleeping next to someone), he would be powerless to refuse it. So he is involved more in a feeding than an eating, a feeding he wants to end. And as he is not sleeping next to his companion, but next to her breasts, it seems likely that we are back in an archetypal first feeding. The speaker is hoping to break out of his infantile dependency on his mother, or a later substitute for her - such is one possible reading. Overtones of sexual intimacy are heavily present, of course. At the same time, however, there is a suggestion of alienation, of being next not to a person but to a mere part of her anatomy. The situation, in short, is ambiguous.

And things only get confuseder with the information that the woman's breasts are raising her arms, "as in death." Or is it the speaker who is raising them?

In either case, how can the latter, being asleep, know about the arms? Clearly we are - at least in part - not just watching somebody's sleep, but in it, cut off from conventional rationality. We are in a piece of literary cubism, too - one in which many angles into a subject, temporal as well as spatial, are bound together into a single all-at-once point of view.

After a passage with a peculiar twist about lamplight which is sinking into the wall rather than merely reflecting off it, all the urgency hitherto latent in the poet's voice and rhythm comes to the fore - but, as in so many of Bennett's poems, it is tied to the most commonplace of events, in this case going to the bank! Why the speaker suddenly needs to go there is not indicated but probably to make some kind of withdrawal. There is a "burn rising in [his] throat," so the withdrawal might be of water. Or of more maternal milk.

Or maybe he wants to make a deposit. Perhaps the bank is his companion's womb, and the burn is rising in a lower throat than the one in his neck. This might seem far-fetched, but the surrealistic non-rationality of the poem encourages reader-participation even into such far-fetchedness, and this for me is one of its main virtues.

The reader is precipitated even more intensely into the events of the poem when the speaker's feet are "swallowed by shoes." Life is underfoot - and feels menacingly devouring. The poem to this point verily has achieved an arresting and authentic portrayal from the inside of someone frantically striving for some nameless visceral necessity and being hugely opposed, even by his shoes.

He is lonely, too, for his feet, according to lines 8 and 9, are not rubbed by his companion's on cold nights (despite the nearness of her breasts) - nor does he enjoy her "breathing [his] neck." He lacks footsy-affectionate companionship, that is, and mouth-to-mouth sexual desiredness. And with the latter we are again in food-related matters, in eating as consuming as final full visceral animal primitive barbaric raging devouring of one's surround.

Lines 8 and 9 aren't just about a certain deranged but archtypally important human state, however. They also exemplify what is perhaps Bennett's highest virtue as a poet: his ability to deliver first-degree beauty indirectly through intense treatment of negative space. By this I mean that Bennett tends often to describe something generally considered pisspuke-unlovely, and to do so with full dedication, thereby losing many a delicate reader, and gaining a reputation for negativity. But the negativity frequently yields the healthiest of positives, as here it trips us into a fresh-textured appreciation of full sensual companionship, of having one's feet rubbed on cold nights by another's, and one's neck inhaled into full-sexed intimacy. Bennett describes the good of extistence by violently telling us what it isn't, which can no more fail to tell us as violently what it is than a thorough explanation of north can fail to teach us as thoroughly what south is.

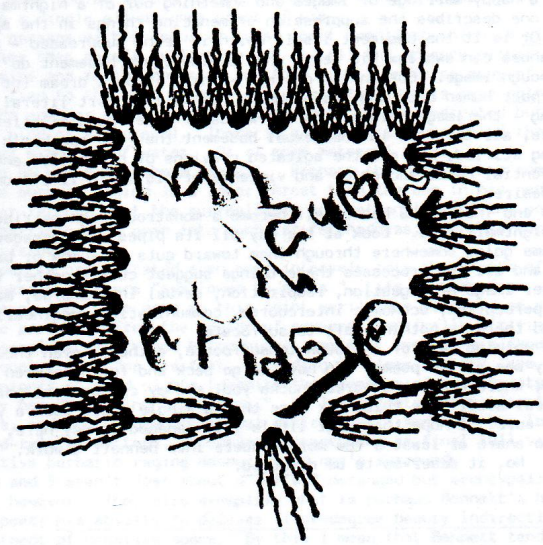
And the good divulged, because unexpected, stands all the taller in the senses, and because of the dark of what it has issued from, all the brighter. Bennett's poetry, then, is a poetry of affirmation as much as the more clearly affirmative poetry of . . . I can't think of any poets of significance who were exclusively affirmative; their finest moments occur against darkness - e.g., what Shakespeare brings off among murders, suicides, and ruin in MACBETH, or Shelly in the despondencies of his "Ode to the West Wind," or Roethke in all his presentations of madness and desolation. In short, Bennett is not as

otherstream as conservative critics might have you believe.

His best moments are top drawer, too - for instance, what happens in line 10 where "A heap of rugs damps the/basement." This excellently demonstrates what I mean by a "nightmarriage," which is what I call any phrase which seems to me both a happy marriage of images and something our of a nightmare. This particular one describes the suppression of menacing things in the speaker's basement. Or is it the basement itself which is being suppressed - and if the speaker's shoes can swallow his feet, what couldn't his basement do?! That's a striking enough image. But in the context - which is part dream (or place in a mind), and part human body and its plumbing, as well as part literal house and its plumbing - the image bulges into all kinds of other possibilities. Surely, for instance, all the fire in the sexual basement that the speaker's genitalia are is being stifled; and all the agitated cravings of his belly; and, in fact, all the potential noise and color and violence of his whole life's undermost needs and desires!

By its end THE EATING has itself become a monstrous nightmarriage, or system of nightmarriages. Look at the way all its pipes and passageways, and all the items going somewhere through them toward guts or wombs or banks or basements, and all the processes these things suggest come together to form one gigantic over-image of digestion, respiration, sexual intercourse, maternal nurturing, perception, economic intercourse, communication, engineering, and . . . life. And there is nothing left to suffocate.

I have nothing left of THE BLUR to suffocate, either - even though I've treated only one of its poems. To have to go back and forth between my visceralest parts, where Bennett's works knocks you, and my cerebralest parts, where I write critical stuff like this, for more than a single short poem a year would kill me for sure. I hope that what little I've managed to say here, though, will be enough to snare at least a few more readers into Bennett's work. It deserves to be read. No, it deserves to be devoured.



THE BLUR

Just like a photo, what I
see of you, sort of flat and bent with
amoebas of light. Maybe my glasses
smeared or maybe the shape of air but I'm
always back in this corner with my
eyes crossed. My fingernails sodden and
splinter long to scratch I, scrawled
in this book my finger distended past my
nose; tho read it's still just
tissue wiped and dropped. If only I could
see beyond these spattered walls of glass. If
only I could read what I wrote and get back

SLEEPING IN THE ALLEY

I was crawling under a bush I
was closing my eyes I was
standing in the dark I
thought it was the middle of a room I
spread my arms and felt a rope, a
knob, a hanger hanging off it I
opened my eyes, felt
ants on my hand
air speeding from my face

She was walking up the alley her
shoes were sluffing through the gravel
"Where's my son?" I asked, she
looked at me, one eye red and skewed to the side,
"What are you doing here?" I said, she
jerked her knees and clutched her belly,
"Answer me" I yelled, she
opened her mouth and stayed like that, soundless

THE EATING

Hoping for an end to the
food I was sleeping next your
breasts. Raising your
arms as in death, lamplight
sinking into the wall 'til dark. I
hurried to the bank with the
burn rising in my throat and my
feet swallowed by shoes. Not
rubbed by yours cold nights or
breathing my neck. A heap of rugs damps the
basement and there's so much air in the
waterpipes I'll never quench. Today
today. A pile of steaks in a
chair and nothing left to suffocate

THE REBUKE

Ham sweating your lips and you
biting was it? I don't
mumble when I have to, never mind the
loss of potato chips. Growling above my
crotch, lambasting the lead in the
waves and you're a dinosaur numb and
stumbling. Naming me little. Me
spitting splinters. Me, split, spilling your
spatter. You never sweat you're a stick

ANIMA

Puncturing my belt there's a
cat under my shirt. Like my
voice muffled and slick like my
hopes slid away. Something
hot like a lump. Lacerating my
smooth digestion and never limpid though
limp sometimes. It purrs when I
stroke and makes me coff and my
clothes don't fit. I should
jerk it out but my hand's in love. And
doubled from the gash in my chest

THICKENING SLEEP

Nattering and gasping I fell out of
bed almost. Sitting, I
leaned into dark whirling around my
feet. My toenail gleamed and my
tooth, searched air for a
wrist, found a leftover, cold and boned.
Like a fleamarket my thoughts blown and
junked. If I stopped my
voice it would, but there's a
wave underground and my
stomach turns when I sleep

THE FALSE SELF

Far up the street I see you
turn and disappear, like a
wind up the alley and the sky empty blue.
I'm still tying my shoe, the
strings broke and counting this
rock. I think you in the
grocery store, joy of melons but
forgot and I'm bent over my
foot your fingers knots. Engines fall from the
trees and a river fills the street. I
swim but you're far upstream and I
wash toward a lake, my
mouth full of tickets, and fake

ISOLATOR

Your pressure's in my eyes like
shores squeezing a lake. Sloshing, and my
nausea when I try to see you straight:
What're you, inflating my hands like
rubber gloves? I can't even fart you
stuck in me so tight. I breathe for you
but your face is a plastic bag over my
head. You've got me in training, I guess,
but what's the use? Already my
feet are numb, and the bottom's out of touch



TOILETSEAT

I was rubbing my thighs with toiletseat to the
floor I was nailing a toiletseat
standing on a toiletseat I was flailing at the
ants on the ceiling I was spinning in the
eye of a toiletseat wiping on the
toiletseat a sausage I was trying to
open the toiletseat make a door of the
toiletseat I slapped the toiletseat against the
window was biting and kicking the toiletseat hurling my
change at the toiletseat I lowered over my
head the toiletseat and ran to the drugstore,
shouted DOCTOR at the fleeing clerks; I was
hiding in the trashbin I was
hugging the seat under my shirt I was
hoping it would guide me, be flushing the dark, be a
boat and a mirror and a headlight

CAKE

The frosting smeared on my watch so
hot my hands stopped. Fish,
boiling openmouth in a lake, hardly
ever hunger as much as I; thirst, and its
vacuuming me cleaner and itching,
fins and crumbs stuck to my face. When he
cemented the basement drain I
knew the house was lost and you'd
better start baking. What I
didn't know my skin was so thin and the
water thicker than walls

THE SICKNESS

Lightening, the sky was a
galvanized sheet he spit his
flung gob drool down off. The
dancing, dick in pants, while the
crib stood empty, loosened and slumped
against the wall and I had to stuff my
hats in the closet face my hair in the
mirror dead on. Just a brick, and you a
black pillow under the bed a
sagged shoe and wheezing; my
back felt the wet spot slide down cold and the
rooms pale

SNOW SCREEN

While it snowed I thought I
should shatter that tooth stuck out my
lip. No one would see in all that
white. But you, darting around in
front, I couldn't hide my hammer,
hungering behind my head. Flung it in the
bush was never a hint I
hated you, never a hanker, hack or
sock. A ham sweats in the
fridge, mould glistening around the
bone. As long as you're in me I only
slump, not flow. Maybe you're the
voice I keep cutting on, bleeding and
licking like salt. Or maybe you're the
snow I saw, falling off my hair

THE REFUSAL

Drooping, before the chicken, the
saw in your hand. My teeth. Frozen
skinless in its sodden diaper. Your
dick was never this stiff, not
yet any. Your belly thaws and bloats and a
bloody bag covers your head, except your
tongue wagging a jagged hole. You
never know what to say to me.
Smirking in that offal hat and blind

THE INTRUSION

Every jitter, jerking little
jolt is on the shelf someplace. These
quiverings will never die. Like
jam on a vibrator encased in glass. You,
once your nose is finally blown, will
shrink to urine drying from an
unflushed bowl. But I'll be
spitting, forever wet, soaking the walls.
Butt sweating your use I'll now for and
let my tongue loll in your mouth, and hers.
But fool you'll slip through the bed to the
dust and it'll be me alone
giggling in these perfumed sheets

TUB

My hand under water my
butt under water my
blackened toenail under water my
radio under water my dollar bills and
glass of water under water I
place my face under water I see my knees
under water my pants under water my
grocery list and rearview mirror under water I'm
trying to breathe under water I'm
coffing under water thinking of
frenchfries under water I'm crying under water
drying my arm under water I'm clutching a
sodden towel to my eyes under water

UNDER THE WOOF

I was standing behind a
dog I was leaning over the
whining steps of dogs I was
breathing doghair and opening a window I saw a
line of dogs running down the street to the river and I
turned on the Dogbark News I was
licking a corndog and rolling in mayo I was
ironing under my shirt a dog and
hauling a dog up the flagpole I was
showing an ax and a bag to a dog glueing a
dog to the refrigerator door last night I
washed my face with dog I laid my head on a
dog and muttered through a sleep of
dog teats, arffs, and jars of slickened teeth

BAÑO

Mi mano bajo agua mis
nalgas bajo agua mi uña de
pie enegrecida bajo agua mi
radio bajo agua mis dólares y
vaso de agua bajo agua me
pongo la cara bajo agua me veo las
rodillas bajo agua mis pantalones bajo
agua mi lista de abarrotes y
espejo de retrovisión bajo agua intento
respirar bajo agua me toso bajo agua y
pienso de papas fritas bajo agua me
lloro bajo agua secándome el brazo bajo
agua me aprieto una toalla empapada a los
ojos bajo agua

BAJO EL LADRADO

Esperaba detrás de un perro me
inclinaba sobre los peldaños quejidos de
perros respiraba pelo de perro abriendo una
ventana ví una línea de
perros corriendo por la calle hacia el río y puse las
Noticias Ladradas lamía un hotdog y me
revolcaba en mayonesa planchaba bajo mi
camisa un perro y arrastraba un perro bandera
hacia el punto del mástil mostraba un
hacha y un saco a un perro pegaba un
perro a la puerta del refrigerador anoche me
lavaba la cara con perro me acostaba la
cabeza en un perro y murmuraba por un sueño de
tetas de perra, arfes de perro, y tarros de dientes

ES

Es el cabello en la sopa
es el dedo en la cuchara
es el siseo de la radio
es el zapato vacío al otro lado de la mesa
es el tenedor bajo la silla
es el pantalón parado
es el tirador de puerta bruñida de escarcha

DEAF

I was deaf as I dropped the phone I was
deaf as I leaned on the fridge dumb and deaf as I
stared at a salesman through the door I
stood benumbed in the street saw trees and
cars moving in deafly silence I was deaf to my
shoes not slapping the cement I was fisting my
ears heard hissing and popping in the
cave of my head under my desk I was
tasting spiderweb balls I was shut in a
box with mildewed pants I was
deaf as I reached for the crackedjaw cat I was
deaf as I closed the door on the thrashing baby as I
tongued the ear of my wife as I
felt for my foot as I dragged my
legs toward the roar of sleep

THE RADIUS

At her mouth I was looking as I
felt my intestines' dead slump my
teeth so dry I tasted coffing the dust
sluffed off. Toward her
naked bottom against the door his
hand arched; "Let me close" drooled like
sleep in my throat as I
headless dragged his nose between her lips; I
stumbled back with his her thought of
herself into a room deep in my pockets:
stacked damp shirts, hoses, and a
radio dozing in static

THE TRANSMISSION

That shit you combed through your
hair, the pillow reeking and at
night gasping, hanging my
head off the edge of the bed. I
shifted, felt the sheets in a
knot and drove into snow. So
what if the berm is iced and we
crash nose in a ditch. I
gave my scent to you and you'll
never forget it, 'til dead.
My teeth clash cracking and I
slam awake, asleep on the other side

THE DRIVE

As we restless in bed with my
legs kicking tires and doors I
groped by the mattress for the cup I had left. Out the
window a moon turgid with urine and my
hand flapped empty over the
edge: was his mouth, bleeding, asleep under the
rug, stuffed with shoes? Lurched to you
stared at, did my teeth mirror as I spoke? She
was thrusting and gnashing, a
wheel over her head in a pillow and one eye
closed, whirling her twitching wrists

THE DISCHARGE

While blowing my nose I
thought of that squash full of gasoline
dropped on a truck gasping toward Cleveland.
Detergent box in mouth, you were in the
basement with all my pants and I
had to, but the worst thing was you
couldn't talk so dry. So cold outside the
soft was hard and glass breaking, a
wave of flame and my hand on the doorknob.
Beneath me groaning dampened and clothesless you're
flappering at the stairs; my
tissue straining to contain me

THE ROOF RIPPED OFF

Done stripping the roof I
climbed belly to butt in
bed so happy I fell asleep. Rakes,
quivering under the bricks, never
had it so good, even dragged over grass.
Dust drifts off sheeting and the
shingles sweat in broke heaps on the
ground. Always here, it seemed, in this
room vacuuming the house, in spite of the
buttons and pennies where the
bed used to be. Above our head the
bare wood darkens; shuddering a
dirty blanket you are while me,
I'm hammering, heavy at the tip

STONE WITH A HOLE

The headache slowed my fingers and I
heard your snore snort in the
next room. Your white skin with the
swellings. Sick to my stomach, leaning
over my desk I was, and not wanting to
write what I. Sleep somehow, and
awake in a different life, where I've
been before. Your breast, a wave beneath the
nipple, each one. Waiting always for the
heat in them. I went numb and
tossed in bed before I said all this and
felt the same, only stiller. Remembered you
sweating, half getting up. And me, staring at the
dark closet past the pillow



FLOATING FLAME

I dreamed I was covered with dust and
walking to the grocery store I
went off up an alley to stare in
yards and garbage cans the sun was
high and cold the neighbourhood seemed empty
I was listening to the air ticking in the branches

At the grocery store I saw a man with
sunken pits for eyes he wore a
blue shining hat "Sky" he said
"My feet are sky"

That night I was poking at the
furnace valves, thought of
floating flames and rollaway my
heat flying up to the pulsing black of sky
I held my breath and for a second flashing
put my head in there
saw hot and blue deep inside my eyes

FALL FROM THE SKY

Under wiping my ass I felt the
soft lump and the space outside it
wasn't in. While I filled the
liquid gasping leaked away I saw
cold clouds boiling high on the
side of my glass; was it his
tongue, that worm, inching way up the wall?
An alarmclock sinks in a suitcase full of
intestines, soddenly ticking as I
sleep slumping against the house; speeding,
his body slams the ground so hard his
head jerks off thudding down the street;
I'm kissing you, thirsty and skinless

THE LAST SANDWICH

Blowing it hardly at all and you're
staining my pants. Neck
cold under the skylight dripping
sweat. That's a tree up there
leafless though to you it's a
blur of life and death. I'm
trying to get to this sandwich
across the morning and you're
both ate and shit. Not I can
forget about it; not while
I'm anyway. If only you'ld
let me eat and know not know. But I
always think of the last and where the
hell are you

THE BITTEN BRICK

By clamping my teeth the
thoughts I had I hoped to
crack 'em off or. Crushed
anyway my wanting to tell 'em
what it was. By gnashing my tongue I'd
hear only silence a bathrobe hung
dirty on the door and my
cartrunk empty of dollheads.
Legs instead, thrashing and
heating the mattress. When I
started you up, How could I
know it takes so long to hear you so
much rubber in the air and I
can't chew through a meatball mask
30 years thick. Hurling at 'em my
slobbered brick I could of but
only if you'd of bit it sharp enough

SAID IN THE CHAIR

Just what it is I sat I'll
never tell. It certainly wasn't you
stuttering against the wall or showered.
What needs care is the weight of
masonry filling your hats, teeth
shattering in cold and my
chair propped rusting against the garbage cans.
Even wanting to, your thick, bung in my
throat, don't squeal open your faulty
tongue freezing me. If only I could
hold you mirror to my face, not your
clouded nape but your
lips lolling loose the word I forgot

JERKING OVER HIS NOSE

I'm sitting in the car's back seat and
looking past your rigid hair I see a
ceiling of separate clouds above the freeway,
still, bubbled up against the bright blue space
I think of hamburgers with nails stuck out, books on fire,
stopping next a field and standing in the blowing dust

I sat before the TV my
legs were jumping my ankles writhed I
felt a shaking in my chest and shoulders,
low groans and spits from the nodding heads
"Who's this?" I startle, slapping at my hands, I
straighten, try to still I
stumble at the door and think of
tongues chaining on the steps a
hammer resting on its head and tripping me

I was standing in the hall I was
seeing far away a door, closed, some
giant words written there I
want to read them but my eyes won't clear I
start to walk, the walls are rocking, I see my
feet inside my head, floating backward,
UNLOCK AT 42 I think and sheeted my nose with my hands

MOM'S MEAT

The sandwich under my pillow I
left and to the grocery store for my
loss of apetite. My mother,
strung dried on a wall with
no feet remaining is just a
twitch at the base of my throat,
heartburn after all that meat.
What she did in her life was not
her life, nor mine. Just
cans stacked seeping in the
basement noodles turned to
talcum in a drawer and I don't
want to have to clean up that
mess. Cats vomit on an enormous
dress and my bed's covered with
pants and plastic bags. I
awake choffing on a sandwiched arm,
slumped and swelling

NO-BOY'S FACE

A beam of red air slants up and off to the
side of his head floating above a body;
I think I was sleeping, and saw No
face turn into view:
it was pale with spongy lumps under the eyes
shreds of skin flutter at the lips I
try to see what it's looking at, its pupils
drifting apart clouded with a pinkish gum I
see a thick black word pushing out its mouth,
shiny from the light behind me
"Who're you?" I'm hunching, it
tries to speak through the heavy word, slobbers
hiss around it, "Spit it out" I urge, it
grunts, veins bulge in its temple and jaw the
word jerks up and down I
watch it slowly sucked back in, "Don't
die" I'm whispering, rasping my hand on my teeth

THE FEAR

There's some kind of motor back there,
maybe a hammer falling in a bucket. How
it drives me I don't know, maybe
just to keep from falling, clattering
deep in the drain. Writing from the
throat, to leave it all behind and it's
a blow on the back, my shoes not
fitting but worn so many years. Am I
bent under my shirt like a
hanger or freezing like your keys on the
floor of my car? What happens if the
closet burns?

EVIRD EHT





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THE BLUR

The Blur

The Blur (60 min. audio cassette and booklet of poems)
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Synthesizer, Trumpet and Recording by **Byron Smith**
Additional voice and maraca by **William E. Bennett**
Sax on Isolator by **Jack Wright**
Photo by **Edward Lense**
Intro by **Bob Grumann**

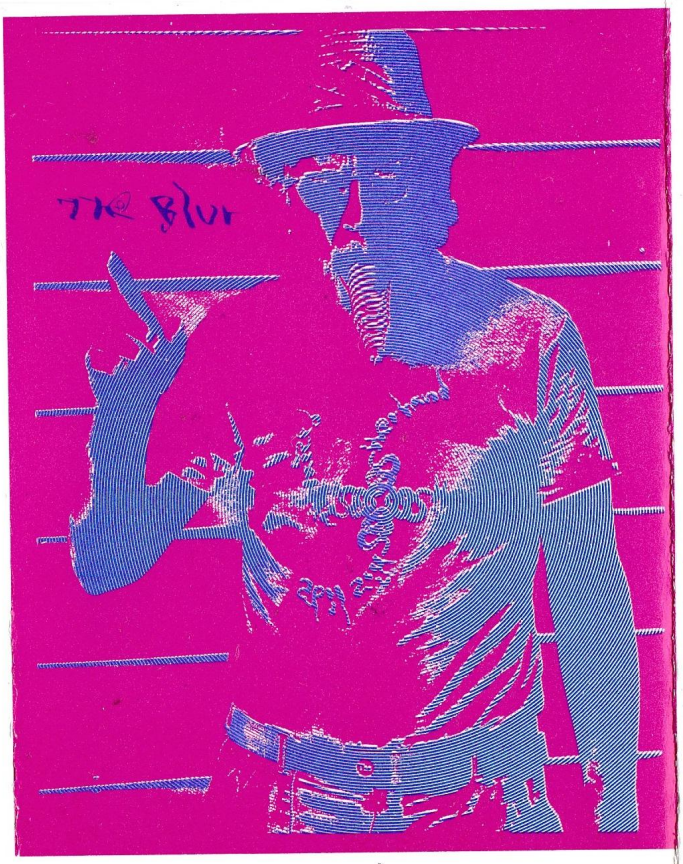
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continued ➡

The Blur

Side 1

The Blur
Sleeping in the Alley

The Eating
The Rebuke

Anima
Thickening Sleep
The False Self
Isolator

Toiletseat
Cake
The Sickness
Snow Screen

The Refusal
The Instrusion

Tub
Under the Woof
Bano
Bajo el Ladrado
Es

Deaf
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Side 2

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Stone with a Hole

Floating Flame
Fall From The Sky

The Last Sandwich
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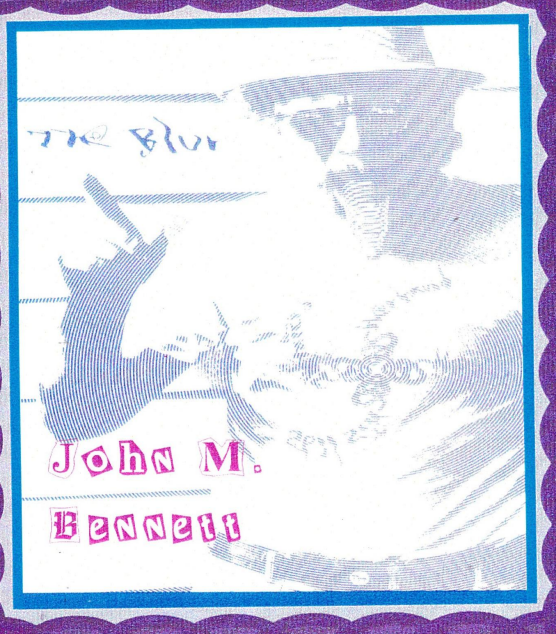
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